

The Life and Times of the Woman in Red- Part III

by The Woman in Red

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THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE!

I couldn't believe this was the same broken down heap I'd sold him a couple of years back. He'd used her for a fishing/partying boat until running her aground on a sandbar. I'd originally named her the Millennium Falcon for good reason. She had looked like hell, but her powerful engine made her nearly a match for the Living Dead Girl.

Amy threw over a rope and I made her fast to the Girl while Dave dropped anchor. Her grinning skipper jumped down and I crossed over, "Permission to come aboard, Captain."

"Permission granted!" I hugged him hard.

"Dave, what the hell did you do to her? I sold her to you for parts, and now she looks like a million bucks." I shook my head in disbelief at her freshly painted deck and gleaming brightwork.

His boyishly handsome face beamed with pride. He was tall and a bit heavyset. I noted that his Starfleet Academy T-shirt fit him a little tighter than before, Amy's a good cook. "I've been working on her weekends. This is her maiden voyage under her new name. She's called The Highlander."

"There can be only one! One of these days you are going to realize that you are not an Immortal. Dude, why didn't you call me and let me know you guys were gonna be up here?" Today was certainly my day for surprises, at least this good surprise balanced out the bad surprise of Jones' showing up uninvited. We'd have to have a little chat about that later.

He shrugged, "I called your office and they said you were taking her out, so I tried to meet you, but we just missed you. I saw you heading out of the harbor." He looked at the Girl in awe, "Damn, she's fast. I tried your cell phone, but I got your voice mail."

I blushed, "Yeah, it like fell overboard or something. Shit, I'm so glad you guys are here. I see you rounded up all the usual suspects." I looked around, "Where's Perry? You guys using him for an anchor?"

"Nah, he's around here somewhere, probably chumming the water with hurl again."

I laughed, Perry was the Puke-Master. The only person I knew famous for vomiting. "I better go lock up the weapons. I don't want anyone deciding to play with my harpoon gun and getting hurt. Besides, I might decide to use it on Hayward."

Amy ran up and dragged me off to the corner for some girl talk. "How's it going with you two? Is Dave being good to you?"

Amy just smiled and made calf eyes at him. He was her true love, but not the most romantic fellow in the world. "He's wonderful. Soâ€¦what's going on in your life? Who's the gorgeous hunk?" She looked eager.

I made a disgusted face, "Same old shit, working too hard, going to meetings, accomplishing squat. The delightful life of a bureaucrat. I'm working on a project that's totally stressing me out."

"Andâ€¦who's that?" She stared past me at Jones who was standing there looking over at my gang of crazy friends. "He's pretty hot. A lot better looking than those losers you used to go out with. Look at all those muscles. Wait until Becky and Lisa get a look at him."

The whole gang was here. "I don't believe this, I haven't seen you guys since the PA last year, when you and Hayward had one of your huge fights. Shit, I gotta go secure the weapons before we start partying. I'll be back in a couple of minutes."

I crossed over to the Girl. I had successfully evaded Amy's questioning for the time being. "Jones, grab your guns and meet me below, I want to secure the weapons before the partying starts. I don't want any drunk people playing with them and getting hurt. I'll get the harpoon gun. I'll also need to brief you."

I met him below and stowed the weapons in a padlocked chest in the back of a closet in my bedroom. "Jones, you really shouldn't have come along, but we'll revisit that issue later."

He nodded and stood with his arms folded. "Who are these people?"

I sat on the bed and stared off into space, smiling at the many memories I shared with them. "They are my gang. Dave, Amy, Tom and Kirk were my roommates for a while when I was working on a project. The rest of them are our friends. They've all known each other since childhood."

I looked sharply at him, "They are all still in the powerplant. They are not ready and probably never will be ready to be unplugged. They know nothing about the Matrix, the machines, or the real world. To them, this IS the real world. They know I work for a federally funded research facility, and my job is classified. The only Agents they know of are Scully and Mulder. They will accept you at face value as a human, albeit a rather stiff and boring human." I rolled my eyes. "I'll introduce you using your standard FBI Agent cover, that way if I slip and call you Agent Jones, they won't be confused."

"I understand."

"Good, now watch out for Amy. She's very curious about you. She knows me, and my amusements all too well. Your presence here has caused her to make certain...assumptions. She's already tried questioning me, but I just kept changing the subject."

"Did you ask her about the Gwar video, or the Red Sox?"

I gave him a dirty look, "I'm laughing inside, Jones. This is serious. I can't tell her anything remotely resembling the truth, and I'm not sure I can manage to tell her the obvious lie with a straight face. Hell, I'm not even sure if I can tell her that without puking, much less a straight face."

I got up and punched the wall. "Shit! I've got no choice. I'm never going to hear the end of this one from the gang at work. Fortunately, Amy knows me so well, that she will expect me to ignore you while I'm with them, so I don't have to pretend, just to lie. Also fortunately, I was quite the libertine when I was with them. I usually had some guy hanging around at our parties, but I always ignored them and just talked to my friends."

He just stood there, I'd lost him again. I gritted my teeth and ground out, "Jones, I'm going to have to tell her that I'm sleeping with you. It's the only plausible reason for your being on the boat alone with me. We are really going to have to revisit the issue of your unwelcome presence later. Just stay the hell away from me and try to act human."

"Act human?"

I sighed, "Get a beer, open it, and carry it around. If anyone offers you a fresh one, just tell them that you are all set. I really should have left you to drown."

"Why didn't you?"

"I remembered that it wouldn't really kill you. It would only kill your host and get rid of you for a time. I was not able to justify taking a human life just because you had pissed me off. I'm not a monster."

"I'm not a monster, either."

"Whatever," I grabbed my cigarette case and lighter off the dresser and left the bedroom and went to the dryer, I hung up his shirt, folded the rest of the whites and put his suit into the dryer. I followed Jones back up to the deck and waved everyone over. Time to

get baked, get drunk and get rowdy!

After being introduced to FBI Special Agent Jones, they swarmed over the Living Dead Girl, examining every nook and cranny. Dave was very impressed with her many bells and whistles. "Radar? You've got radar?"

I shrugged, "GPS, 3D fishfinder, she's fully loaded." The others were more interested in the many beer coolers concealed around her decks and the sound system. "Hey Kirk, crank it up, we don't have to worry about Joan calling the cops on us anymore."

Amy and I went and sat up on the stern, dangling our feet over the edge as we shared a joint, "Well? It's about time you told me about your new 'friend'. He is awesome. Is he anyone 'special'?"

"Only special as in retarded. This is his first and last trip out on the boat. I'd throw him over the side now, but he can't swim." I made a gesture with my fingers and thumb in the shape of an L on my forehead. "Loser!" I then made another gesture with my finger and thumb about an inch apart, indicating that he had been shortchanged in the manhood department as well. We snickered evilly.

"You know," she began, "I've heard that about really muscular guys. That's why they work out and get all bulked up. No dick."

I laughed so hard I choked on my toke, but it was worth it. Sweet revenge. All was right with the world.

We finished the joint and then Amy went in search of Dave. He was back aboard the Highlander, firing up the grill. I waded into the group of partiers, and took a fresh joint out of my cigarette case and passed it around. Jones was sitting between Becky and Lisa. They were flirting with him. I smiled smugly and turned my back on him.

Amy came back aboard and whispered into Becky's ear. Becky then leaned forward and whispered in Lisa's ear. They exchanged a long look, laughed and got up and came over to me, "Sorry to hear about your disappointment. I feel your pain," Becky informed me.

I shrugged, "Live and learn." I glanced over at Jones who was looking puzzled at their sudden departure and laughed. "No more dickless muscleheads for me."

Later, Dave announced, "Swill's on", and his passengers returned to the Highlander. Dave knew better than to expect me to eat his cooking, so I sprawled on the bench next to Jones, smirking happily. He was still holding a can of beer and mine was empty so I swapped them and started on his. "When they all come back aboard, go get another one." He nodded.

"What was that about," he indicated Amy who was still giggling with Becky and Lisa.

"Inside joke, Jones. It's a human thing, you wouldn't understand it."

"Then you should explain it to me, so that I will."

"No way, man, it is also a woman thing. Woman things are never explained to men. They are not allowed to understand us. It's against the rules."

"So now I am a man?"

"For the duration, you are. Once they are safely out of site, you go back to being the monster that you truly are."

He sighed. I drank my beer. Agents are such a pain in the ass.

WE NEED TO TALK

I was still lying there next to Jones relaxing and sipping my beer when some asshole picked me up and threw me overboard. I swammed up the ladder, sputtering and swearing, and went for the bench where the SuperSoakers were stored. I grabbed up the biggest two of the lot and dove back into the water to fill up.

When I came up, the rest of the gang was squabbling over the colorful plastic weapons and I hit Dave right in the chest with a blast of salt water. I brandished the weapon and shrieked a war cry as I chased him back aboard the Highlander, where he filled his gun from the water in the beer cooler. Shit, that was gonna be cold. I turned and leapt back aboard the Living Dead Girl, dodging the icy blast he was firing at me. I ran up to the bow and climbed up atop the pilothouse firing wildly in all directions. People were diving wildly into the water to fill up and soon an all out water fight was in progress.

I slid back down to the front deck and ran back to the stern. Amy, Becky and Lisa were giggling, singing excerpts from "Short, short man" and hosing down Agent Jones, who seemed rather at a loss as to how to proceed. I threw him one of my guns, "Defend yourself Agent Jones," and dove back in to reload, ducking as Hayward cannonballed over my head. I nailed him right in the face when he came up and then went back up the ladder.

Jones was doing well with the water gun, spraying in a wide arc around him. The girls were squealing and running for cover, and the guys were laughing at them. I took up a position next to Jones, went down on one knee and opened fire. Out of ammo, the guys surrendered and threw down their weapons. I stood up and flashed a triumphant grin at Jones before sprawling wetly on a bench and pushing my hair back from my face.

Echoing my earlier actions, Jones wrapped a towel around me and dried my hair briskly. A little too briskly. I fought my way out of the towel and glared at him, "Hey, not so rough, man. That hurts."

"Sorry, I'm not accustomed to being gentle."

I got up and patted him on the shoulder, "No prob, it's not in your functionality specs."

The rest of the gang was drying off, putting away their toys and recharging with beer. The cigarette case had gone into the water with me, so I went below to get rid of my wet shorts and roll some fresh joints for the party. I take my duties as a hostess seriously. I

never run short of beer, food or pot.

I combed out my hair and pinned it up before sitting cross-legged on the bed and pulling out my battered tin stash box and rolling tray. I was concentrating fiercely, I'm not very good at rolling, so I don't know how long he was standing there watching me. I didn't look up until I finished the task and lit one for myself.

I gasped and nearly choked when I saw him there, leaning against the doorframe, smiling. His muscular body filled the doorway. I exhaled and took another hit. I held it in while I stared at him. I felt a familiar but unwelcome flutter in the pit of my stomach. Shit, this was not a good time to get turned on. I swallowed hard and looked away, seeking something to distract me. The laundry! His suit should be dry by now. I took one last long drag and rested the joint in the ashtray for later.

I jumped up and went to the door, intending to squeeze past him. He shook his head and pushed me back into the room. He shut the door and my heart started to pound. I backed away from him as he walked slowly towards me. I had to stop when I reached the wall, and I put my hands up to try and fend him off. He didn't stop until my hands were pressed against his chest.

My heart was hammering and my lungs were laboring for air. Terror and lust warred within me until he touched me, caressing my cheek gently. "I can be very gentle, if I want to."

Lust won, TKO. I ran my hands up his chest and wrapped my arms around his neck. His skin was slickly smooth in its hairlessness. I moaned and dug my fingers in his thick hair, pulling him closer to me.

He ran his fingers lightly down my back making me tremble, then pulled me tightly against his body. My head was spinning with desire. I had never had a man turn me on like that before. I felt his fingers under my chin and I looked up at him for a long moment before his mouth came down on mine, gently at first, then demanding everything from me. I kissed him back savagely, biting his lip and sucking his tongue. God, I wanted him.

"Hey, Phoenix," Amy shouted through the door, "what the hell are you doing in there?" She opened the door and walked in.

It was like being dashed in the face with ice water. My head cleared and I pushed Jones away from me. "I've got to see to my guests. Back off."

He released me and I shot past him and flew back up the steps to the stern, nearly knocking Amy down in the process.

"It's time we headed back," Dave said. "We'll let you know the next time are taking her out, and you can meet us if you are free."

I hugged him, and said my goodbyes. Jones had come back up on deck but I avoided looking at him until after they had cast off, raised the anchor and sped off. I'd forgotten how much I missed them.

Jones walked up to me and started to put his arms around me again. Too late, I was back in control. My voice was dripping with ice, "I

don't think so, Jones. Come sit down, we need to talk."

Jones sat, and I sat next to him. I stared out over the water and collected my scattered thoughts. First things first, as Steven Covey would say, "So tell me, Agent Jones, why did you decide to show up early for our meeting and stow away on my boat?"

He shrugged, "I wanted to avoid Neo's presence. You have no need to hide behind him."

"Neo's 'presence' has kept me safe from you. You've seen what happens when he's not with us. I need him to keep you from killing me."

He snorted, "I'm not here to kill you."

I leaned back and looked at him, one eyebrow raised, "You are an Agent. You kill people like me. It's your job."

"According to the developers, you are the only hope that Brown has for survival. Killing you would be killing him."

"Survival?" He'd lost me, this time.

"What you have done to Brown was considered impossible. There is no workaround or fix for it on our side. He is trapped in his current host. If his host dies, there is no way to retrieve his kernel. He will cease to exist. Only you can undo what you did."

"How? I don't even know how I did that to him." I got up and started to pace.

"Wasn't it you that said 'there is no how, there is only do' in the Matrix."

I stood and stared at him for a long moment, thinking fast. "You're right, Jones." I noted that the sun was starting to set, "It's getting late, we should get back to the Marina. I've got some thinking to do before I make the attempt. I'll follow up with you tomorrow."

He cleared his throat, "Wasn't there any other subjects you wanted to discuss with me?" He stood up and approached me, his eyes on my face.

I backed up, "No, Jones, all other subjects are closed. I'll get your clothes out of the dryer and your guns out of the lockup, you can change below."

While he was changing into his somewhat wrinkled clothes, I raised the anchor and fired up the engines. The sunset was beautiful, but I ignored it.

I was threading my way through the end of the day boat traffic when Jones came up to the pilothouse. "Have you seen my cufflinks and tiebar? I don't know what you did with them."

I didn't take my eyes off the radar, "Yes, I'll get them after we get to the dock."

"Thank you." He came and stood behind me and rested his hand on my

shoulder, squeezing it gently.

I took a deep breath and controlled my sudden rush of anger. "Jones, " I said in a strangled voice, "this is not a good time for your little games. Half the world is trying to crowd into the Marina at once and Boston boaters are much more aggressive than Boston drivers are. Please don't do this to me now." My tone grew sarcastic, "I'd rather not end such a perfect day by wrecking my boat." I usually stayed out past dark to avoid this mess, but I really hadn't wanted to stay out on the water alone with Jones any longer.

He took his hand away, but continued to stand right behind me as I guided her in to the Marina, thankful that the gathering darkness hid Jones from the harbormaster's sight. He didn't like Agents much, either.

The Girl bumped lightly against the dock and I cut her engines and dropped anchor. I shut down her bells and whistles and turned off the radar. Jones stepped back and followed me as I went down below.

I found the cufflinks and tiebar in the pocket of my wet shorts and I offered them to him. I turned my back while he fussed with them and put on jeans and a sweatshirt over my swimsuit and sat on the bed to lace up my sneakers. He was taking his time with the cufflinks, and that annoyed me. I wanted him out, now. I held out my hand and snapped my fingers.

"Give me those." I swiftly fastened each of his cufflinks in place and then looked critically at the position of his tiebar. I unclipped it and put it a few inches lower. "That's better, it looks stupid when you wear it up that high."

I grabbed my purse. "Ok, you are out of here. Get lost. I'll contact you tomorrow regarding Brown"

He waited for me on the dock while I locked up and made her fast. I faced him down, "Good night, Agent Jones."

I marched off to the Harbormaster's office. The phone was ringing and I answered it.

I opened my eyes and stretched as the tech unhooked me from the network. I sat up and smiled weakly at the Operator.

"Rough day?" he inquired.

I shrugged, "I've had better, but at least I got to hang with my old gang for a while. That makes it almost bearable."

"The Boss called earlier, he wants you to submit your report tonight. He wants to meet with you first thing in the morning."

"Thanks." I went upstairs to my cluttered office, wrote a few choice curse words on my whiteboard for inspiration and threw my paperweight at Jones' picture, a duplicate of the one in my office at the Centre. I sat at my terminal and started my report, filling the screen rapidly.

I HAVE A DECISION TO MAKE

The next morning I went to my boss's office and knocked on the door.

"Come in Phoenix," Chief McFarland called out.

I squared my shoulders and let myself in. The Chief was sitting at his desk leafing through a pile of paperwork. I sat in his visitor chair and smiled at him. "Morning, Boss."

"It would seem that the Woman in Red has been up to her neck in Agents lately, and that we cannot have. It's time to have a little talk about your future."

"Future? According to the Oracle, there is no future for me."

"Yes, it does look rather bad right now, but I have faith in you. You are a survivor, otherwise you would have never made it this long in your office. Ten years is a record to be proud of."

"Be sure and mention it in my eulogy."

"That's enough, Phoenix. I believe that you have a future. Now listen to me." I listened.

Later that day, I logged back in to the Matrix, dressed in a trim black suit. Neo himself was watching over Agent Brown, sitting at the desk in the Control Room, chatting with Trinity on his cell phone. I let myself in to the Box and sat for a long time on the edge of the bed, watching Brown's face in repose and thinking. I'd reviewed my initial Agent Encounter report and I knew how to undo what I'd done. I also knew that if I killed his host, that there would be one less Agent to worry about. I held Brown's life in my hands, it was time to decide whether he would live or die.

I got up and returned to the Control Room, exchanged a few brief words with Neo, who agreed to remain there for a while longer. I went up the elevator to my office and erased my whiteboard. This was not a decision to be based on instinct. I uncapped a marker and set to work flowcharting the decision to be made and the possible outcomes.

I mapped out the flowchart with swift strokes, the marker squeaking against the shiny surface. I stepped back, adjusted a few arrows, and sighed. No matter which path I traced through from the decision box, the end result was the same. My death at the hands of an Agent.

A heavy decision like this required a committee.

I called in Lisa and Anne. They looked me over curiously. "Why the black suit, Phoenix?" Lisa inquired.

"All your red ones at the cleaners?" joked Anne.

"Think of it as mourning for myself. There's more to it, but it's a moot point right now." I indicated the flowchart, "I'll cut to the chase. Agent Jones has informed me that only I can restore Agent Brown's communication with his user interface. The developers did not take such an occurrence into consideration when they created the Agent applications. I've reviewed my initial report, and all I have to do is hit him with the Jedi mind trick, telling him this time that I am the woman he is looking for."

Anne interrupted, "I thought you said something about not being the droids he is looking for."

"I thought so too, but that's just the line from the movie. My memories of that encounter are a little hazy, probably something due to the panic I was feeling at the time. According to the report I logged in the mainframe, I used my standard get lost line."

"Getting back to the point, if I do that I'm pretty much setting myself up as a target. When an Agent is looking for you it means one thing. Termination. They are persistent, unstoppable, and they don't let anything distract them from achieving their objectives. If he doesn't kill me right there in the Box when I awaken him, he will hunt me down until he does. I will never be able to leave the Centre again."

I swallowed hard and continued, "However, I don't have to awaken him. I can kill his host. If I do that the machines will be unable to recover him and he will be 'dead'."

Anne cheered, "Yeah! Kill him. Woohoo!" She and Lisa exchanged high fives.

"Don't start celebrating yet, ladies." I followed that path through the flowchart with my marker. "If Brown dies, I'll still be marked for termination. This time by Agent Jones. He's been very cooperative and charming, if you can call it that, but he has his own agenda. He will use anything at his disposal to manipulate me into getting his colleague back up and running."

The two snickered and leered at me, making lewd comments about myself and Jones. Those sneaks had hacked into the mainframe and read my highly classified report. I blushed fiercely.

"But if I kill Brown, Jones will hunt me down until he kills me. Jones knows me too well, and I have no doubts that he will find a way to get to me, even if I never leave the Centre. And unlike Brown who will just shoot me if he catches me, Jones will take me into custody andâ€|"

They leaned towards me eagerly as I shuddered and continued, "First he'll do things to me that I really don't want him to do, but that I know my body will respond to and that I'll enjoy in spite of my feelings. This I have no doubts about, I've already gotten a taste of it. In time, that will drive me completely insane, and then he'll kill me."

I turned back to the whiteboard, "I hate no-win situations. If only there was a cheat to get me out of this. The Oracle told me that I would have to make a decision would determine my fate at the hands of an Agent. An Agent would either bring about my destruction or my deliverance."

"So what the hell does that mean?" asked Anne.

"Beats me, we won't know for sure until the fat lady sings. And by then it will be too late. Well, the real decision isn't whether or not to revive Brown. I have to decide at whose hands I want to die

and then work backwards up the flowchart from there. Contrary to the Oracle's prediction, this choice requires not instinct, but logic. And a vote from the committee. How say you?"

They stared at each other and conferred silently. Anne spoke first, "Brown. He'll do it quickly and relatively painlessly. I'd categorize that as a form of deliverance."

Lisa agreed, "Brown, definitely. He'll kill you without invading your space and driving you nuts first. Jones I would categorize as destruction."

I nodded, "Your recommendations are sound. Let's go get ready to wake him up. Neo's standing by. I've just got to radio Jones. He'll need to be in on this to run the diagnostics and make sure I've really done the trick."

We returned to the Control Room and I stuck in the earpiece for what I truly hoped was the last time. Jones' voice boomed in my ear, "Are you ready?"

"Yes, as ready as I can be. Meet me at the Marina in 30 minutes."

"Affirmative."

I yanked the earpiece out and walked out the door. I went to the slip and stood looking at my Girl. I had prepared my will the night before. I knew the Harbormaster would take good care of her. I went aboard, took off my suit jacket and stood at her wheel one last time. I had a sudden urge to raise her anchor and take her out to deep water away from everyone and everything. Footsteps on the stairs behind me informed me that it was too late to run and hide.

He put his hands on my shoulders, "There is no traffic for you to worry about now."

Resigned, I leaned back against him and let him put his arms around me. What did it matter anymore? I had chosen Brown to be the Agent of my deliverance. I might as well enjoy the one thing that Jones had to offer me. A Last Supper for the condemned.

Lisa, Anne. There's something I have to do first, I'll be back in about an hour or so.

Sure boss. We'll be waiting. Don't hurry.

Thanks. It'll be 'or so', then. I want to enjoy a little bit more of life, first.

I straightened up and pushed away from Jones. He released me and stepped back. I turned and walked past him and went below. I went into the bedroom, sprawled on my stomach across the bed and lit up a joint. I was going to use him for sex, but I wasn't about to do it straight.

I finished the joint, and Jones was still up on deck. I was not going to beg him for it. So I waited.

He came below and stuck his head in the door, "Phoenix, shouldn't we

be going now? I thought you were in a hurry to get this over with."

I shrugged, "Not particularly." I raised myself up on my elbows, looked him over and then smiled lazily at him, "Unless you've got somewhere you have to be." I looked away.

He walked in and shut the door. I waited for him. I knew that once he touched me the lust would kick in and everything else would be forgotten. He sat on the bed next to me and ran one finger slowly down my spine. Through the thin fabric of my silk blouse it felt like electricity, burning but without pain. I gasped and then moaned as my entire body became instantly aroused. No man's touch, in or out of the Matrix, had ever made me respond like his.

I sat up and looked at him. I reached up and removed his sunglasses and then touched his face, curiously and caressingly. The skin on his cheeks felt so different, devoid of even a shadow of beard. I leaned forward and rubbed my cheek against his, then grazed the smooth skin with my lips. I ran the tip of my tongue across his own lips, which parted in response. I kissed him long and deep while I ran my hands down his chest and unbuttoned his jacket. I slipped my hands beneath the fabric and stroked his chest.

I started involuntarily when I encountered his shoulder holster. I pulled away from him, and looked down at his sidearm, "Would you disarm yourself, Jones?"

He nodded and stood up. He shrugged out of his jacket then carefully removed both sidearms as well as the radio and earpiece.

It was time to get down to business. I got up and began undressing him. First I removed the tiebar, and untied his necktie. Slowly, I unbuttoned his shirt to the waist and untucked it, unbuttoning the last two buttons before sliding my hands up his magnificent abs, over his nipples and up to his shoulders. I slid the shirt down his muscular arms, easing it over his hands.

I wrapped my arms around his waist, burying my face against his neck, inhaling the peculiar fragrance of an Agent. Agents don't smell at all human, their odor is an odd combination of plastic, warm electronic components, gunpowder and leather.

I dug my fingernails into his strong back as I felt his hands sliding gently down my back before unzipping my skirt. I moved back slightly and he drew the silky blouse over my head. My skirt puddled around my ankles and I stepped free of it. I was trembling with desire as I kicked off my shoes. He unfastened my bra and bent over to remove my panties. I balanced myself with a hand on his shoulders as I stepped free of them.

I unbuckled and unzipped, and slipped my hands underneath the waistband of his boxers as I eased his clothes down his hips, letting them slide free over the beautifully delineated muscles of his legs. He sat down on the bed and I knelt before him and unlaced and removed his shoes and socks. He stood up and kicked his pants and boxers away.

Suddenly nervous, I took a step back away from him. I had reached the point of no return. My last chance to chicken out. My mouth went dry

and my heart started hammering furiously in my chest as I stood and stared at his rampant masculinity. Maybe this wasn't going to that pleasurable after all. I gulped and took another step back, flattening myself against the wall.

"You aren't going to change your mind now, are you?" he inquired softly.

I looked up at his face, knowing that my eyes betrayed my fear, "Wellâ€|" I began weakly. I started to shake.

"Why are you suddenly so afraid of me? Because I'm a 'monster'?" I shook my head.

"Are you afraid I'm going to kill you?"

I snapped at him, "Dammit Jones, you are huge. I'm terrified you are going to tear me apart with that thing." I looked pointedly at his huge erection. "It's been a long time and I'm rather tight to begin with."

Agent Jones laughed. It was an odd sound to come from the throat of an Agent, and I looked at him in amazement. "Admittedly, I've never used it as anything but a weapon, but I assure you I do know how to be gentle. I promise I'll be careful. I'll wait for you to be ready and if it does hurt, tell me and I'll stop and wait again."

I rolled my eyes and said sardonically, "In other words, 'trust me'."

He said nothing, just held out his arms to me.

NEXT INSTALLMENT: I am the woman you are looking for

End
file.